

Settled by Arbitration.

FOR months the White Poodle had known that something was wrong between the two people whom he severally acknowledged as his master and mistress and jointly as their property.

What races in the park after their bicycles? What drives with them in hansom cabs, sitting between them with his tongue out and a knot of blue ribbon under his left ear? What rows on the river? What races in the Square garden? What honours to give on one's own mat just inside the dining-room door? What a life for a dog—in short, what an ideal dog's life it had been!

When had the change begun to come about? When the Second Man had come to call and stayed late—that had been the first sign of the White Poodle's misfortune. The White Poodle without sinerity and offered his mistress a miniature bulldog who had won a first class.

"O, you are so kind!" the White Poodle's mistress had said, with a wild-rose flush in her cheeks and sparkling eyes. "And I should adore it. But Lawrence might not care about him, and Ruff might be jealous."

Ruff had given a bark at hearing his own name. But Lawrence (Ruff's master) had not minded, so the tawny-coated, bandy-legged, wheezing thing they had made such a fuss about had been introduced. The White Poodle could never remember that miniature bulldog without snarling in disgust.

Then he usually lifted one side of his black upper lip and showed a sharp white tooth—one of the teeth that had made such shrewd work of the miniature bulldog who had won the prize. The bulldog had been taken away, but the Second Man, the man who had brought him to the house in the Square, kept on coming, though the White Poodle disapproved of him so much.

It was this Second Man who had brought about the breach between the two people he loved best upon earth. How he knew this the White Poodle could not imagine, but he was certain of it as a dog could be.

And then had come that bother about the Electric Light—thing very hard, cold, and prickly, that shone like an electric light. The White Poodle's mistress had worn it upon a certain cold October evening.

"Where did you get that?" the White Poodle's master had asked in a stern cold voice that made the Poodle tuck his beautiful tasseled tail between his legs and press against his mistress's gown.

And she had answered "It was given to me," in a contemptuous, indifferent tone that brought an ugly look into her husband's eyes as he said, "My Colonel Dane has a new diamond star ordered by Colonel Dane had been sent to Bryanstone square. And the man said 'Sh!' and glanced at me. And now you will take Colonel Dane's present off and hand it to me!"

She had grown very pale; the White Poodle had never seen her so pale before, save once when she had swooned. Then she had said:

"Lawrence, before this goes too far—before you utter words which I can neither forget nor forgive—hear the only explanation I have to offer you. This diamond star was not given me by Colonel Dane."

"Was not a jewel of the same description sent to you by Dane? Don't hesitate, but answer."

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"I sent it back to him."

"The White Poodle's master was as white now as the White Poodle's mistress. He spoke very slowly, and the words cut like lashes from a whip.

"You sent it back to him—perhaps. But he sent it back again, and you are wearing it at this moment—to please him."

"O!" she said, and shrugged her shoulders as though she gave him up as hopelessly unreasonable. "If that is the view you take—"

"That is the view I take!" the White Poodle's master had said, moving toward the sofa as the servant had opened the door. "I hope you understand me clearly."

"Dinner, my lady," said the butler, and for once the White Poodle had not barked with joy.

After that night his master was generally away at the club and his mistress's lawyer called frequently to see her; and several members of her family visited her and several members of her husband's, and the first had called her a poor thing and said she had done perfectly right, and the second squeaked and held up their front paws in horror when she told them that she and the White Poodle's master were going to have a separation. "O! I . . . The Poodle did not know

what that meant, but he hoped it would not be another dog.

It was some comfort to him that the colonel who had given his mistress the brilliant miniature bull did not come to call any more. Meanwhile, he found employment in barking at the strangers who kept dropping in to look over the house in the square, which was to be let, furnished, as the owners were going abroad, he heard the footman say.

In the meantime, he was forgetting his accomplishments. He was never asked to sit up, to bark for the king, and sneeze for Kruger—sugar was never balanced upon his nose, nor did he ever perform his crowning feat of fetching his mistress's smoking coat or his mistress's quilted satin slippers.

Often, when they had decided upon spending a quiet evening in the smoking room, the White Poodle had fetched the slippers and coat. The process was not good for them, but it pleased his master and mistress and gratified the White Poodle.

Now came the chance, he thought, for a little of the old fun on this particular evening. Days before his master's luggage—the imperials, gladstone bags, kit bags, gun, rod, sword and uniform cases, even the Soudanese spears and shields and other trophies—had been sent away.

His mistress's dress baskets, trunks and bonnet boxes made a mountain in the hall, with the cases containing her books. The fittings and furniture of her boudoir had gone, and, though the rest of the house was left untouched, it felt empty and smelt cold to the sensitive nose of the White Poodle.

His back, where the hair was closely shaved, felt damp. He had been sitting on his mistress's knee as she looked over a huge sheet of paper, with stiff, queer writing on it, and seals. The envelope was marked in ink, made with a pen by the White Poodle's master, and some more which he recognized as having been preprepared by the small, white hand that was pulling his ear.

Then he heard a little sob—he had become used to hearing them lately, and knew the reason why his back was wet. She was crying a little like this.

"O, Ruff, Ruff! This is our last night at home!" she said. "O, Ruff! I know you think I've made an awful mess of my life. No; there's no use in cooking your ears; that wasn't your master's step you heard in the hall just now, though it sounded a little like it. You will never hear it again, Ruff—nor shall I."

But Ruff knew better. He jumped down and barked, and rushed to the door and scratched, snuffing and whining to be let out.

"You stupid thing!" his mistress said, and she caught in her voice. She opened the door, and Ruff raced madly after a figure that was moving down the hall in the direction of the smoking room. He did not mind being called stupid. What he had wanted was his master, and now he had got him.

"Why, Ruff, old man!" said the voice he knew. "Not forgotten me yet?"

He bounded in the air and licked his master's ears as he stooped to pat him, and then the ear was suddenly withdrawn, for his mistress was standing in the doorway.

"You!" she said, again with that catch in her breath.

"I beg your pardon!" said the master of the White Poodle, distantly. "I understood you were to have left for the continent today, and that the Frasers were to take possession tomorrow."

"It is quite true about the Frasers," she said, quite calmly and coolly now; "but I travel by the early train. Ruff and I have been spending the evening together. She snuffed with stiff lips.

"I must ask you to pardon this intrusion," said Ruff's master, and Ruff gave a little white of surprise. "The fact is, that old pet meerschaum of mine has been forgotten behind the chimney glass. I sent to ask Rowlandson for it, but Rowlandson was always an idiot at finding things, and he has not changed. And I happened to be passing and I remembered that the latchkey was still upon my chain, and so I ventured in, thinking the house empty of all but the servants, as I have said. It's abominably awkward." He flushed darkly and bit his lip. "However, I have found the pipe and I'll remove both it and myself." He bowed distantly. "Permit me to say—good-night and good-by."

"Good night and good-by!" she echoed listlessly.

The White Poodle darted out between the curtains as his master moved to the door. It seemed incredible to him that a master and a mistress, joint owners of a dog with a crest and monogram exquisitely cut upon his hind-quarters, a ruff around his neck, a tassel to his tail, and fringed circles round each leg, should fall to be joyous over such a possession. But he had thought of a thing which, executed at the right moment, might evoke the enthusiasm which had formerly greeted such displays of intelligence upon his part. His claws rattled against the stair rods as he raced upstairs.

"Where has the dog gone?" said his master, glancing over his mistress's shoulder. "O! I . . . keep forgetting that the little beast

Fit for Any Home

The New York Tribune's plans and programme for 1902 contemplate improvements all along the line, so as to keep it in the front rank of the newspaper profession. What the Daily Tribune is and what it stands for pretty nearly everybody knows. That it keeps pace in enterprise with the spirit of the age, without sacrificing decency or accuracy, it is needless to say. But it goes to the other publications named from the Tribune office may be timely. For instance, it may not be generally known that the famous old Weekly grew and grew until it became imperatively necessary to divide it in two—the Tribune Review, and the Saturday Farmer. The Review is suited alike to persons of the highest culture, to those who are educating themselves and to those who are educating others. The illustrations are superb, and the articles embrace everything relating to farms or farm work. It is a paper which farmers and all who have business dealings with them cannot well afford to get along without. \$1 a year.

The Tri-Weekly Tribune occupies a field all its own. It was learned by experience that thousands of persons in various parts of the country wanted a New York newspaper, and yet they didn't want one. That sounds paradoxical, but it isn't so much so as one might think at first glance. What they wanted was a condensed New York newspaper which wouldn't tax either their purse or their time too much. It came to pass that the Tri-Weekly Tribune took the place of the old Semi-Weekly. The Tri-Weekly, as it is familiarly called, appears on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and in these three issues one may find the cream of the matter in the seven issues of the Daily Tribune. Price, \$1.50 a year.

The Tribune Almanac for 1902 will be bigger, better and more valuable than ever before. It contains the records and statistics worth having. On sale January 1. Price, 25 cents.

Isn't mine, and missing him. Things one has been used to leave a blank, somehow. One feels raw until the place skins over.

"I suppose one does," she said. Then she broke out, "I suppose I am one of the things you were used to. Do I leave a blank?"

"I must admit it," returned the White Poodle's master. "But—it's an ill wind blows nobody good, you know. And—Dane—"

"You insult me by the mention of that man's name," she said. "He is nothing to me, nor am I anything to him. He is to me Mrs. Lorraine. She has divorced Brakes-ton at last, and—"

"I am sorry," said the White Poodle's master. "Sorry for me, you mean?"

"Yes," said the White Poodle's master. "Now, you shall learn the truth," she said. "I never meant to tell you, but your pity for me has driven pity for myself out of my heart. Our first and final disagreement—about that diamond star—"

"Ah!" he said. "Why bring up all that now? It is so late in the day." "It is never too late in the day to learn the truth," she said. Colonel Dane had expressed admiration for me too warmly. I asked him to discontinue his visits. He sent me a letter full of penitence and—a crowning piece of insolence—the diamond star. I sent it back to him at once without a word! A few hours later Gertrude Lorraine came hurrying to me. She showed me a diamond star which a friend had sent her. Brakes-ton, if he had noticed it, would have been like a maniac."

"Curious that a man should be unfaithful and jealous at the same instant! But I've known such cases," said the master of the White Poodle.

"So I took it to keep for her, as she begged me, for a few weeks, until—"

"Brakes-ton being got rid of, she could safely . . . I begin to see," said the master of the White Poodle, snuffing his lips into a whistle.

"Mrs. Lorraine's friend was Colonel Dane, and the star he had sent me and that I had returned to him he had sent to her at once."

"Dane was always a saving fellow. But—but you wore the wretched thing."

"I did. It was pretty—and new. I put it on and went down to dinner. You noticed it—"

"And we quarreled!"

"For the first and last time. You began by insulting me!" she said with a little quaver.

"I was madly jealous!"

"And I was obstinate and wouldn't explain. For one thing, I'd promised Gertrude not to."

"And so that silly little idiot parted us!" said the White Poodle's master. "Well, the deed had been drawn up and signed, I suppose."

"O, of course, we couldn't alter things now!" said the White Poodle's mistress. "Do you mind sitting down and talking it over?" the White Poodle's master pointed to the divan.

"I have only a few moments to spare!" protested the White Poodle's mistress. But, still, she sat down on one end of the divan, and the White Poodle's master sat at the other. There was a long silence, then the man said—

"Alice, my darling, can you forgive me? Will you take me back?"

"It's quite too late! People would say we didn't know our own minds."

"We—we could explain," he said, awkwardly, "that we had submitted the matter to arbitration."

"We could—perhaps," said the mistress of the White Poodle; "but suppose we never get a name our arbitrator—what then?"

There was a snuffing sound outside the door and a little while. Something blundered against the curtains.

"We could name—"

Jonas Long's Sows

Use Both Phones

Shopping News

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention

Another Master Merchandise Movement

On the Part of Scranton's Big Store.

The entire stock of the Newark Shoe Store has been moved to our store, and busy hands are getting it ready to place on sale in a few days. We propose to make this the greatest shoe selling event in the history of Scranton. It will pay you to watch the papers for further particulars.

La Vida Corsets

ARE manufactured of the finest French materials and possess a chic and beauty of form only attained by some few French garments. We desire in especial to direct your attention to the La Vida straight front—the perfect corset combining as it does the function of style, beauty and hygiene. It is built on the natural lines of the figure permitting full freedom of movement and breathing, at the same time holding the shoulders in a fine stalwart attitude by placing all pressure of lacing upon the hips and back muscles. This develops a graceful incurve at the base of the spine and rounds off the hips and bust into lines of exquisite symmetry. La Vida straight front is made in special models for each different build of figure, insuring as perfect satisfaction as the finest custom work.

Women's Tailor-Made Suits

The line of Suits shown this season at the Big Store every extensive and at price that are considered very moderate by judges of value.

A pretty Eton Suit, made of Basket Cloth, skirt lined with Near Silk Lining, graduated flounce; Black, Blue, Brown and Tan. Trimmed with satin ribbon to match. Silk lined Jacket, well worth more than the price asked for it. **\$12.50**

A promising number among the many for popularity is the ETON SUIT, made from Camel's Hair Cloth; single breasted, with vest; can be worn either as an Eton or Straight Front Jacket. Richly trimmed with bands of taffeta, four rows of narrow stitching, bell sleeve and taffeta lined; priced at. **\$25.00**

NEVER has there been so much delight shown at an opening of SPRING MILLINERY as at the Big Store in the last few days. A glance at this display is as good as a trip to New York or Paris. We will continue the show days all this week adding, day by day, some late arrivals and distinctly exclusive styles, such as the Big Store always shows.

Drapery Department

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New Store. New Goods. New Styles.



Refrigerators. If you are in need of a refrigerator or ice box, you will find much to interest you in our line. One made to sell at \$8.50 can be had herefor **\$6.75**



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"Abiding" had sounded to his ears like "dividing" and dividing was "doing their arithmetic." Children believe so confidently that they hear that if they do not hear accurately, their minds sometimes run into queer fancies. A well known professor remembers that when he was a child he sang, "Glory, glory, had a new year!" for "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" A story of a similar childish misunderstanding of sound is told by a Sunday school teacher. The infant class was reciting the Christmas lesson. Six-year-old Harold was called upon to tell the story of the Saviour's birth. "Well," he began, "The shepherd's wife out one night doing their arithmetic, when the angels came—"

"But stop, Harold," interrupted the puzzled teacher, "and tell me what you mean by that."

"Well," replied Harold, "I don't see how they could do arithmetic in the dark, but that's what they were doing."

"Now think, Harold," said the teacher, "and tell the story as nearly as you can in the way!"

So Harold began again: "One night the shepherd's were dividing in the fields—"

He met an old comrade in arms whose reputation was somewhat rigid.

"Well, what's the matter?" said General Lee. "Oh, nothing much," was the non-committal reply.

"There is something wrong," persisted the general. "Out with it! What do you want?"

After being strenuously urged the old comrade said: "Well, I want to die at least an hour before you do. I want to be in the other world when you arrive there, just to hear what General Jubal Early says when he sees you in a blue uniform."

Ex-Senator Edward O. Wolcott established a law and real estate office early in his career in Georgetown, Col.; the other end of his career, but as his destination the miners gathered around and looked him over, staring hard at the sign straggled one of them, "which of you all is Ed?"

Joked Future Senator.

Winter time was Pie time

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